

We pass to observe that his disciples took this fact, and made it a great weapon by which they killed many of the bright hopes of humanity. Diderot says, after taking a survey of the earth: "It is, at least, but the work of a stone-cutter. I see neither edifice nor architect." Voltaire's gospel to the age was a personified sneer. That species of gospel, I believe, has met with belittling condemnation from the good men of France, even. I mention them to show how far they were from comprehending the Divine impulse running through the mental kingdom to-day. Very naturally, Hume became conservative; very naturally, we find Gibbon living a life of nothingness. And in our own country we find some who belong to our age—men whose lives are to many a living gospel. Take Thomas Jefferson as an example, who, so long as we live as a Union, so long will be a living gospel to the ages. Yet he it was who said it was a great question whether any good could come from the breaking of the horse. Although he has left the Declaration of Independence, nevertheless he was so far from perfect that he had to make a confession.

Poetry.

THE POET'S STORE.

BY S. M. PETERS.

These are not all the poet's store,
A hope, a blight, a sigh;
Nor will he when the strife is o'er,
Lay down and die.

He does not struggle thus to gain,
A low and nameless grave;
Nor do the thoughts that throng his brain
Sink in the wave.

Oblivious, for he lives, O tell,
And will forever roam
O'er scenes his fancy paints so well,
His spirit home.

Nor will he through those realms afar,
Still journey on alone,
From sphere to sphere, from star to star,
As yet unknown.

No; for a loving spirit friend
Waits on the start-lark's tide;
Her destiny with his to blend,
Forevermore.

They'll meet upon a calmer morn,
Than life's first morning tide;
Where love's perennial flowers adorn
The poet's bride.

West Troy, October 9, 1854.

LOST AND WON.

BY EVALINA M. F. BENJAMIN.

Hunting me are words so cherished,
Dearly loved the words that dwell
But they bring the hopes that perished
With the summer's golden glow.
When the rapture of the moment
Laid aside her robes of pride,
And assumed her autumn garb
When the leaves were falling round
Then my heart its future seeking
Learned at sorrow's touch to thrill
To find the words that dwell
And wished in vain for Lethe's chill.

Summer came with cold cross braided,
Roses crowned again her brow,
As their blossoms fell, and faded,
Peace returned with olive bough:
So the light shepherds guided
To our favour's sunny bow,
As a light beamed through the darkness
To point the way the chosen tread.
Then I knew it came in kindness
From a Father's chastening hand,
To open eyes long closed in blindness,
And fit me for a "better land."

I have lost the trust unfeared
I once felt in earthly things;
I have learned to look for altering
Mid the sheen, the transient brings.
Mid the radiance now unfolding,
Whisper voices that not cease
Thy heart's last sunshine thou beholding,
Soon thou'lt see it fade away.
Sorrow's waves may sweep o'er me,
But a potent power shall be,
I can say what'er 's before me,
Father, let Thy will be done.

Harlem, September, 1854.

THE HUSBANDMAN.

BY STERLING.

Earth, of man the bounteous mother,
Feeds him still with corn and wine;
He who best would add a brother,
Share with him the gifts divine.

Many a power within her bosom
Noisless, hidden, works beneath;
Hence are seed, and leaf, and blossom,
Golden ear and clustered wreath.

These to swell with strength and beauty
Is the royal task of man;
Man's a king, his throne is Duty,
Since his work on earth began.

But and harvest, bloom and vintage,
These, like man, are fruits of earth;
Stamped in clay, a heavenly mintage,
All from dust receive their birth.

Born, and mill, and wind-van's treasures,
Earthly goods for man's desire;
These are Nature's ancient pleasures,
These her children from her derive.

What the dream, but vain rebellion,
If from earth we sought to flee?
To our stored and ample dwelling,
'Tis from it the skies we see.

Wind and frost, and hour and season,
Land and water, sun and shade,
Work with these, as with thy reason,
For they work thy toil to aid.

Sow thy seed and reap in gladness!
Man himself is all at sea;
Hope and hardship, joy and sadness,
Slow the plant to ripeness leads.

Oppression's heart might be lulled
With kindling drops of loving kindness;
And knowledge poor,
From sloth to sloth and blindness.

All slavery, warfare, lies and wrongs—
All vice and crime might die together;
And wine and corn,
To earth man born, be free as warm in sunny weather.

What might be done? This might be done:
And more than this my suffering brother—
More than the tongue
Ever said or loved each other.

AN EXTRAORDINARY GIFT.—For some time past there has been a boy in our city who is gifted with almost incredible powers of calculation in numbers. We do not know how long he has been so, but he has been so since he was a child, and he has been so ever since. He is now about ten years of age, and he has been so ever since. He is now about ten years of age, and he has been so ever since. He is now about ten years of age, and he has been so ever since.

During the days of the late mobs, two of his cards at the corner of Fourth and Chestnut streets, seemed to attract considerable attention, which, perhaps, was more the result of the excited state of the public mind, and its consequent appetite for novelty, than the strangeness of the boy's placards. At any rate, we give place to the boy's advertisements, just as we copied them from the posters:

"I have a great gift in knowing all sums mentally by my head. If any man will tell me what year and month he was born in, it is like a voice strikes my head to tell him what day that in he was born in. That is the only way that I can make myself acquainted with any person. Now the place for to meet me at, is the Court House, from 9 o'clock to 11 o'clock A. M., and from 2 to 4 o'clock P. M. 25 cents."

Another of his cards reads as follows:
"Now, take notice, that I will give a true answer in any sum mentally by my head. I wish for the public to patronize me. I have had forty days schooling. I cannot write a running hand, I was born with this natural gift of knowing what the amount of any sum was mentally by my head. I was born in Monroe County, Ky. I am not 19 years old, quite. I do not improve any at all in this gift. For I could tell as much in numbers when I was three years of age as I can now. I cannot explain it nother. Have hundreds of men tested it, indeed. I never saw any man that was a Christian that they would always give something to help me along. Now can you spell his first name with out the five letters, A, L, N, R, S. But there are seven names that can be spelled without these five letters. All wicked, hard-hearted men have to make use of more or less of those five letters. It is of hardness of heart causes all this to be. This will satisfy all who hears answers in knowing the result of sums mentally in my head. Twenty-five cents is nothing to let me have, for I have an extraordinary gift."

The boy, Meredith Holland, has rather a simple look—is slovenly in appearance, and when engaged in any of his mental calculations, "mentally, in his head," he stops up both his ears with his thumbs, looks to the ground a moment, and then announces the result. He is rather a singular specimen.—*St. Louis Democrat.*

MAGNETIC MAGIC.

Historical and Practical Treatise on Fascinations, Cabalistic Mirrors, Suspensions, Compacts, Talismans, Convolutions, Possessions, Sorcery, Witchcraft, Incantations, Sympathetic Correspondences, Necromancy, etc., etc.

Translated from the French of L. A. Cahagnet, Author of the "Celestial Telegraph."

FIFTH DIALOGUE.

SPELL OF THE WINDS.

ALBERT.—Admitting for a moment your argumentation, I might answer that the strongest will would overcome the weakest. My motives for studying this question are

1. That a man who is bigger and stronger than a nail, may wisely suppose that he can do, at least what this nail did, viz.: attract and discharge the electricity contained in this cloud.

2. If some poles scattered over a field, can preserve it from the effect of hail, I say that man can, and will do, at least, the same thing too.

3. An uncle of mine often assembled the clouds by means of a powerful electric engine; prepared in them a storm, and called at his pleasure, the lightning upon an umbrella which he held in his hand. Now, why should I not grant to man the power I ascribe here to a glass wheel and an umbrella.

4. If I admit with M. Ricard, that the peals of our festival bells can separate the clouds and scatter them in every direction—if the cannons' explosions have the same faculty, as it seems established in natural philosophy—I do not dare to say that man has not the same power, although his phonic means are not perhaps so great as those of the cannons or bells. At any rate, I do not know whether I shall or shall not study this question.

5. If Christ and the Apostles, if certain Saints and relics have done the miracles which the Church affirms, I may hope to have a power equal to that of a shrine! How, then, could I refuse to admit what has been said on the subject.

JOHN.—I do not myself reject everything of this kind; the truths of a natural philosophy, and the rules of common sense oblige me to do so.

ALBERT.—I will not avail myself of the advantage I might derive from your answer; you reason upon the laws of Nature and good sense! Poor friend! There is nothing more natural than what we are tired of seeing every day; and yet, man does not the less call supernatural the first manifestation of any known phenomenon. The supernatural is no more than an unknown natural fact.

As for good sense, none is more Spiritual than that which every one ascribes to himself! But before terminating our conversation, let me relate to you the result of my own observations. The following fact will, I think, answer your jocos observation about the girl, and her ditch full of water.

12. When I was living at Rambouillet, a man of very bad reputation in the city happened to pass before my store; he was drunk; but soiled, nevertheless, two wooden forks I had in the showcase, and began to manoeuvre with one of them. Afraid that in his evolutions he might hurt somebody, I went and claimed back my property. But instead of complying with my demand, he began to twirl the fork, and to show me a trick I did not know.

"Look you," said he, "if the teeth of this fork were magnetized, and there were any pool by me, well . . . I should sink into the water, . . . and then . . . you understand, . . . but I will not say more. . . oh! I know what I am about, . . . oh, yes. . . Very fine weather, is it not, . . . well, I deny it, . . . do you not hear the thunder? I order it, . . . but we are not near a pool, . . . well, here is your fork." This man went, and did not say anything more. Happy to be rid of him, I paid, at the time, very little attention to his word. But when I began my magnetic experiments upon the atmosphere, I recollected his gestures and words; and I am perfectly satisfied now they had much to do with our present subject.

When I read the "Treatise on Magnetism," by Ricard, and saw this writer was disposed to admit the magnetic action of man over the atmosphere, I was very much excited, and undertook myself several experiments, which were quite successful. I spoke of these results to my friend M. Renard, who spends a great part of his days in the forests. This ardent magnetizer repeated the same experiments, and obtained similar results. We thought, therefore, that it would be absurd to doubt any longer the power of man over the elements; but it is a subject upon which so much ridicule has been thrown—and apparently with justice—that I gave up this sort of experiments. My manner of operating was as follows: Whenever I experienced a very strong desire of trying my power, I went into a little garden of my own, and collected my mind, by gazing attentively at the sky and clouds. My imagination, or will, as you please, became by little and little excited, and I then extended my hand towards the cloud I wished to stop. After a few minutes of such action and concentration, it always seemed to me that the cloud took the desired direction. I say it seemed to me, for I do not say more. Yet, it was not a single time, that M. Renard and I thought we had produced this effect; we thought so hundreds of times. I had no idea of the real distance of the clouds; I believe, moreover, they were of a solid nature, and I made use of a great deal of exertion to move them, just as I might have done for a heavy burden.

13. As the sky one day was very dark, and a small rain fell, I went into my garden with the most absolute conviction that I should succeed in dissipating the clouds and obtaining fine weather. . . . I began to act, and soon operated with so much intensity, that my skull seemed to have expanded several inches. I soon perceived a beautiful blue circle opening over my head; by and by the circle widened, and in less than an hour the rain was over, and the weather splendid!

Was this an hallucination? Possible. But yet I prayed many persons to touch my clothes, and see for themselves whether I had or had not been damped. They thought I was willing to hoax them, for my clothes were perfectly dry; no one believed that I just came in from the garden without any umbrella, and had stood at least fifteen minutes exposed to the falling rain. I do not know myself what I ought to believe about this phenomenon. The rain stopped, that is a fact; . . . but was it to stop of itself? I cannot say; . . . I decide for yourself.

I often repeated these experiments from my own room, and the result was always the same. The weather and the flood are changing, I cannot decide anything; I only narrate. I observed that, after these experiments, the wind generally began to blow from the North. I have been simple enough to make these experiments; but in telling them to you I am probably still more a simpleton; they cannot but increase the ridicule you throw upon all my quotations.

JOHN.—Oh! this time I bless you with all my heart, excellent Neptune. The fork story is interesting; and I admire very much your ardor for experiments. But let us examine another question.

ALBERT.—I am always disposed to comply with your wishes, and accept your kind conclusions; but I pray you, in my turn, to meditate upon the opinion of the illustrious Hoffman, and to reflect a little upon all the facts I have cited to you. Endeavor to recollect the whole of our conversation. My enthusiasm is not so great as to make me forget the conditions which are indispensable for admitting the greatest number of these propositions. You see that I do not dare to decide myself in the present question. But at any rate, I could not admit such a power for a city like Paris, whose atmosphere is saturated with sulphurous and impure emanations, which must doubtless extend as far as the first sphere of Spirits. No! If I admitted this power in man, it would be only between him and Nature—heaven and earth—a soul and a cloud, but not between madmen who deny Nature, and an infectious charnel-house. No; these experiments must be instituted in a free and open country, and in proper conditions, and I believe that a single fact, well authenticated, would be sufficient to annihilate all argument against their possibility.

SIXTH DIALOGUE.

CONVULSIVE FITS—POSSESSIONS.

ALBERT.—Being once acquainted with his various faculties, and having entered into communication with disembodied Spirits, man did not yet know more than the half of this incomprehensible power. The passions and low appetites of this proud being led him into the labyrinths of disorders and troubles, rather than into the paths of harmony and virtue. To be the centre of everything, to fill the world with his name and science, were the only objects of his desires; but as every one has the same tendency, the Spirits themselves wished for the same preponderance, and it became as impossible to have a whole nation of sages, as it is to have a whole race of idiots. Creation and creatures are confined to certain limits, beyond which they cannot go. Such is the will of the Magi's king, the Eternal! Without this glorious providence, neither stone, nor living creature, could stand on this globe.

Man soon reached the limits of the road he had selected, and there he burnt his nails and eyes. Spiritual brazen doors stopped his daring steps, and gave birth to the convulsions and gnashing of teeth, of his indomitable frame. This haughty and majestic being fell down into the dust of the street; . . . by whom, or by what, was he overcome? . . . By what? By a simple laugh of those he thought himself to overcome. A state of suffering which he tried to turn to his own profit, was the consequence of a debt willingly contracted. It is in this state I shall present man to your attention,—superb still, yet with the foam overflowing from his mouth.

Yet, I do not affirm that all these disorders were the general result of a magical action. No; for there are certain organic lesions, there are certain religious or political fanaticisms, which may be the source of similar results. But whatever may be their origin, these disorders proceed generally from an entire want of humility, as you will judge for yourself.

Priests have often profited by that state, which in consequence they often produced, as you have seen in the instance of Father Girard. I will not accuse the Jesuits alone, for these speculations have been made use of among all people who have intermediaries between themselves and the Divinity. Here there are men who throw themselves under the wheels of a carriage which brings about a certain state. There, they dance upon burning coals, drink the most deadly poison, and scourge their flesh, in order to prove the infinite goodness of their God. . . . Often they are martyrs who die to establish that God has said: "Love your brother as yourself." The young, ardent and courageous man, becomes a nunnerly stool, and sleeps upon a piece of board to illustrate the infinite generosity of his God! The young virgin envelops her pure waist in a long mourning veil, bruises her delicate form with an odious hair cloth, extinguishes love in her bosom by the ceaseless contemplation of graves and temples, and she thinks she has proved her obedience to the order of the One who said, "Increase and multiply." Millions and millions of men have been destroyed by the sword and the fire, . . . why? . . . to prove that Brahma, Confucius, Moses, Christ, Mohammed, Calvin, Luther, St. Bernard, and even Abd-el-Kader, were the only elect of God, and sent by Him to govern and immortalize mankind.

Forget for a moment any preconceived idea of religion, and confine your observation to the extraordinary facts I am to record; they will all, more or less, contradict the laws of the divisibility and ductility of matter. But let us never lose sight of the object of our physical studies.

1. Admirable Power of the Holy Exorcisms against the Prince of Darkness." by Sire Puhard, Doctor in Medicine, &c., 1622.

I must observe that this writer is an ardent advocate of Possessions, as you easily judge from the following passage: "Can we deny that certain persons are possessed, tormented by evil Spirits, spell bound, &c.? It is so well an authenticated order of facts, that it would be just as wise to deny the existence of the sun in full daylight. It is too evident of itself."

The author, speaking of a girl who was possessed, says on page 80: "That the devil was so well established in her body, by means of grease, herbs, trefoil, &c., &c., that her head was stuffed with all these powders, and her judgment clouded by them."

2. He says on page 102, that "On the 2d of March, being tormented in her bed and unable to rise, I applied the sacred relics on the parts which were most affected, and at once I heard within her a noise quite similar to that which may be produced by the throwing of a fish into the frying pan."

Whenever I withdrew my hand the noise subsided; but when put again, it began anew just as before. Many persons were present at this singular experiment, which I prayed them to repeat themselves, that they might be convinced of its reality. The phenomenon was contrary to all the known laws of matter."

3. "On the last Lent, as the devil seemed to play the discreet, the same girl was quietly working an embroidery, the evil Spirit, as a fat, stout man, entered her room, and wishing to frighten her, carried her away upon his neck, just as easily as if she had been a feather. He afterwards brought her back to her seat."

I must observe that the evil Spirit spoken of by the writer, had entered the body of this girl, and that all her actions were in consequence attributed to the devil. As you shall see now, the personality of the being who is possessed disappears always in that of the possessing Spirit.

4. On page 186, the author continues in these terms: "She performed what no human being could do, even if one were a Milo of Croton, for she has sometimes supported during seven or eight hours, and recently during twenty or twenty-four, such efforts as to require five or six strong men to keep her in place; a man in her hands was no more than a piece of straw. She often rose without any foreign help, or stood upon her knees even without making use of her hands."

5. "She rose one day upon the gratings of the Jesuit's Church at Nancy, seven or eight feet high, laid down there upon the sharp extremity of this grating, though it was scarcely one inch wide, and exclaimed, 'I fall, I fall!' and yet everything was done so modestly that her feet were scarcely seen. She often climbed upon the trees of her garden with a marvellous agility, and making use of one hand only; a squirrel could not have done better. Sometimes she has been seen, with eyes on fire, whirling about in the most frightful manner. Her tongue was then thick, swollen, yellowish or blackish, and immoderately drawn out. Her limbs were also sometimes wry and tortured in an awful way. She crawled on the ground without making use of either hands or feet. In those diabolical paroxysms she sometimes threw her hair on the floor, in the presence of a numerous audience; she barked like dogs, or wolves, &c., imitating sometimes the voices of other animals."

6. "On the last Lent especially, she often had her face so hideous, her throat, neck, and breast so swollen, as to be unrecognizable for seven or eight hours. She seemed on the point of bursting out, and expressed the most excruciating sufferings; in those circumstances her face was so blackened by the devil's action, that it would be impossible to picture anything more horrid and frightful, should we even borrow our colors from the darkest corner of hell! The devil was wont to say that she should be shown to everybody in this state, to convince all those who were stubborn enough to believe she was not possessed."

7. The following is taken from page 304: "Playing the fool, the devil left all this company standing opposite an altar, and went straight to the chapel on the left side. There he seized the arm of a poor woman called Elizabeth Ruffain, and threw her upon the grating which is at least seven or eight feet high. He held the poor creature there for more than a quarter of an hour, in the most unnatural position, so as to convince the most incredulous; the top of the grating, which was the theatre of the feat, was scarcely three inches wide."

"On another occasion he came back with such agility, that he passed his right leg over the left, and jumped over the same grating without showing anything but his shoes; he then carried this woman toward the window, and from there let her fall on the pavement. Every one thought this poor creature would be seriously injured, but it was only the beginning of her pains, for the devil tampered her down and lacerated her body in so terrible a manner as to force her to utter the most frightful screams."

"When the rites were over, the candle which remained alighted day and night, before the holy relics, was blown out by the devil. It was then three o'clock; the Archbishop having seen the fact, was very sad indeed, and ordered a boy to go and fetch another light; but all at once and without any help, the same candle was alighted again, and shone with a new splendor." (Page 375.)

JOHN.—What rope dancers! what sorcerers! what shocking contempt for God's house! What were the sacred vessels, the blessed water, &c., doing?

ALBERT.—I do not know indeed; but you may question the theologians who have answers to every thing. But I assure you that I do not pretend to select my examples in the churches more than any where else. I may select from every place and time. If these facts are admitted by impious people, I do not see why religious ones would not have tried to apply them to the interests of their cause.

[To be continued.]

[From the New York Weekly Leader.]

A FRAGMENT.

The wind bloweth as it listeth, and we hear the sound thereof, but know not whence it cometh, nor whither it goeth; even so it is with the Spirit of man.—JESUS CHRIST.

To thee there's nothing old appears,
Great God! there's nothing new—*Watts.*

To the reflective soul, time and space are mere figures of speech. We live between two eternities—the Past and Future. The great sea which divides them is the Present. As our little bark of life floats upon the waves of this sea, we gaze dreamily back into the retreating Past, or wistfully forward into the advancing Future, with strange emotions of doubt and dread. The Present only seems real. We feel its deep swelling waves beating like a mighty pulse beneath us, and see the bright heavens gazing calmly down upon our path, like myriad-eyed, glistening herself. The Past looks like a world of experience, or the Future, the Present a strange consciousness of having lived in other ages and other spheres. Our earthly existence appears then but as a dream. Nothing about us is tangible, nothing true. Suddenly some sharp experience of joy or grief awakes us from the mystic trance, and once more the earth is solid to us, and life but too real. In other moments, it is the dread Future which overcomes us, and in the contemplation of its awful and eternal possibilities, the Past becomes but a dim spectre, and the Present a passing shadow. But whether it is the Past, with its world of experience, or the Future, the Present with all its petty cares and vanities, earth, with all its little strifes and ambitions, sink for the time into blank insignificance. As the soul wings its way into either of the dark eternities which besadow it, a day (as in the eye of the Great God,) seems as a thousand years, and a thousand years but as a day. Time and space at such seasons are indeed but mere figures of speech. The sense of Infinity is upon us like an Omnipresent atmosphere, and the soul pursuing its daring flight from sphere to sphere, becomes lost in immensity. It is at such seasons, too, that all low pursuits, all mean desires, all unholy passions are revealed to us in their true light, and we are filled with those noble aspirations which the world cannot appreciate, nor the earth satisfy. Then it is, that we get a glimpse of those great

"Truths which wake to perish never,
Which neither illeness nor mad endeavor,
Nor all that is earthly with joy,
Can utterly abolish or destroy."

Then it is, that everything false and finite fades from the mind, and we bow reverently and prayerfully before the Absolute and the Eternal. Then it is, that the great problem of life seems, as it were, solved before us, and the soul, becoming at once prophet and priest, foresees the most glorious destiny, and leads on in the way of its realization and fulfillment.

The erratic and unbalanced soul, when thus lifted into the third heaven of contemplation, loses its poise, and falls into an abyss of superstition and fear. So we have seen a thoughtless sailor, when mounting for the first time, to the top-mast height, lose all presence of mind, and fall headlong into the sea. But the calm trustful Spirit, as

"Up it shoots, through air and light
Above all low delay;
Where nothing earthly starts its flight,
Nor clouds impede its way."

moves through the upper deep on sustained wing, and when it descends to earth, enters into the charmed circle of human sympathies and duties,

like the brave seaman, who, descending from his perilous look-out aloft, commences with renewed activity, the ordinary routine of life.

Such a man, ennobled and purified by the contemplation of abstract and absolute truth, sees in every relation of earthly life a type of celestial and unending bliss. The souls with which he is in sweet communion of thought move about him, robed with perennial beauty, and encircled with a halo of divine love. The one being, to whom peradventure he is all in all—the one heart whose life, current ebbs and flows with his own is transfigured into an angel of light, floating with his own Spirit through a world of vicissitude and death, to a world of beatitudes and bliss. Filled with noble purposes, freed from ignoble cares, confident in the triumph of truth, patient amid adversities, fearless amid persecutions, he presses onward through the troubled sea of life, whose waves part before him, till at last, crowned with victory, he enters the haven of eternal rest, and anchors forever.

—fast by the Throne of God."

Ideas like these have passed through every mind. The most grovelling Spirit is sometimes elevated by those dove-winged aspirations of the soul to a perception of the most divine life. "The Heaven"

"Lies about us in our infancy."

but so soon become darkened by the clouds of adversity and sin, ever and anon breaks upon us as we pursue the journey of life, and opens to our awakened souls a brighter and better world. The belief in this world is universal. Without it our poor heart-broken ones would indeed be desolate, and might well exclaim in bitterness of Spirit,

"Farwell hope, and, with hope, farwell fear,
Farwell remorse; all good to me is lost,
Evil, be thou my good."

[From the Weekly Advertiser.]

DR. DODDRIDGE'S DREAM.

Dr. Doddridge had been spending the evening with his friend Dr. Watts. The conversation had been concerning the future existence of the soul. Long and earnestly they pursued the theme, and both came to the conclusion, (rather a remarkable one for the theologians of that day to arrive at,) that each soul must necessarily be an individual, and have its appropriate employment for thought and affection. As Doddridge walked home his mind brooded over these ideas, and took little cognizance of outward matters. In this state he laid his head upon his pillow and fell asleep. He dreamed that he was dying. He saw his weeping friends round his bedside, and wanted to speak to them, but could not. Presently there came a nightmarish sensation. His soul was about to leave his body; but how could it get out? More and more anxiously rose the question, how could it get out? This uneasy state had passed away, and he found that his soul had left his body. He himself stood by the bed looking at his own corpse, as if it was an old garment laid aside as useless. His friends wept round the mortal covering, but could not see him.

While he was reflecting upon this, he passed out of the room, he knew not how, but presently he found himself floating over London, as if pilloved on a cloud borne by gentle breezes. Far below him, the multitude were hurrying hither and thither, like rats and mice scampering for crumbs.

"Ah!" thought the emancipated Spirit, "how worse than foolish appears this foolish scramble! For what do they toil, and what do they obtain?"

London passed away beneath him, and he found himself floating over green fields and blooming gardens.

"How is it that I am borne through the air?" thought he. He looked, and saw a large purple wing, and then he knew he was carried by an angel.

"Whither are we going?" said he.

"To heaven," was the reply.

He asked no more questions, but remained in delicious quietude, as if they floated on a strain of music. At length they pause before a white marble temple of exquisite beauty. The angel lowered his flight and gently placed him on the steps.

"I thought you were taking me to heaven," said he to the Spirit.

"This is heaven," replied the angel.

"This is heaven? Just such built on earth."

"Nevertheless, it is heaven," replied the angel.

They entered a room just within the temple. A table stood in the centre, on which was a golden vase filled with sparkling wine.

"Drink of this," said the angel, offering the vase, "for all who would know Spiritual things, must first drink of Spiritual wine."

Scarcely had the ruby liquid wet his lips, when the Saviour of men stood beside him, smiling most benignantly. The Spirit instantly dropped down on his knees and bowed his head before Him. The holy hands of the Purest were folded over him in blessing, and his voice said:

"You will see me seldom now; hereafter you will see me more frequently. In the meantime, observe well the wonders of this temple."

The sound ceased. The Spirit remained awhile in silence. When he raised his head, the Saviour no longer appeared. He turned to ask the angel what this could mean, but the angel had departed also—the soul stood alone in its own unveiled presence.

"Why did the Holy One tell me to observe well the wonders of this temple?" thought he, as he looked slowly around. A sudden start of joy and wonder! There, painted on the walls, in most marvellous beauty, stood the whole of his Spiritual life. Every doubt, and every clear perception, every conflict and every victory were there before him! and though forgotten for years, he knew them at a glance. Even thus had a sunbeam pierced the darkest cloud, and thrown a rainbow bridge from the finite to the infinite; thus had he slept peacefully in a green valley, by the side of a running brook, and such had been his visions from the mountain tops, that he knew them all. They had been always painted within the chambers of his soul, but now for the first time was the veil removed.

To those who think on Spiritual things, this remarkable dream is too deeply and beautifully significant ever to be forgotten.

"We shape ourselves the joy and fear
Of which the coming life is made,
And fill our future atmosphere
With sunshine or with shade."

Said the soul around it call
The shadows round it call
And painted on the eternal wall,
The past shall reappear."

Remarkable Spring Discovered—Water in which the Body will not Sink!

[Extract from the Journal of S. N. Carvalho, artist, on his journey from Great Salt Lake to Los Angeles through the Cajon pass.]

WE remained at camp all day yesterday, and at 10 this morning were on the road to Cottonwood Springs, some twenty miles distant, where we will find water and grass; and then will commence a journey over another desert of fifty-five miles. We followed up this little stream for about three miles, when the road turned a little to the right; but I was anxious to see the head of the stream—from the appearance of the surrounding country, I judged it to be very near. Parley Pratt, several other gentlemen and myself continued up the stream, and after a ride of half a mile we came to a large spring, 35 feet wide and 40 long, surrounded by acacias in full bloom.

We approached through an opening, and found it to contain the clearest